

RUSSIANS POUNDING GERMANS HARD ON 1,000 MILES FRONT

# The Daily Mirror

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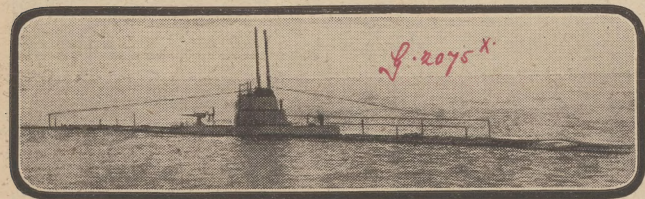
FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1916

One Halfpenny.

**"GREAT LINER SUNK": REVIVING THE GERMANS' DROOPING SPIRITS WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF FRIGHTFULNESS.**



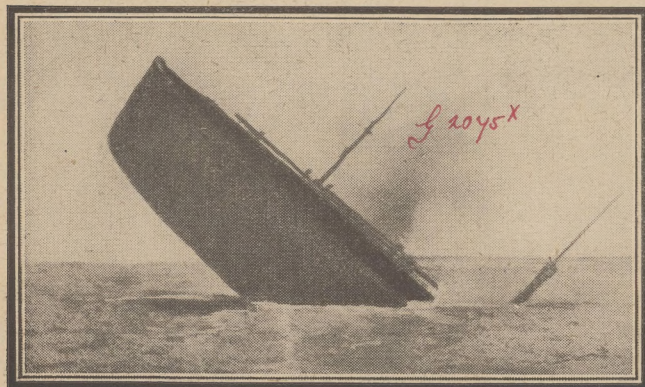
The torpedo strikes the steamer and causes an explosion.



A new type of U boat of which the Huns boast so much.



The vessel sinking at the head after being struck.



The final plunge. A moment afterwards she was gone.

The German public ardently supports indiscriminate murder at sea, so, in order to cheer up its readers, an illustrated paper has just published these photographs. The steamer is described as "a great Atlantic liner."



The commander of the pirate craft gives a last salute.

**THE RUSSIANS BEGINNING TO MOVE.**



Austrians captured by the Russians being marched off to the rear. Our Ally's offensive is apparently developing along the whole 1,000-mile front from the Gulf of Riga to the Rumanian frontier, and they have scored several successes.



## "CLEAR ME" CRY TO MAN OF MYSTERY.

Mrs. Black Examined About Her Secret Service Work.

### TEARS AND PROTESTS.

That for five days she had in her possession a plan of the latest German air shell was stated by Mrs. Eva Black, who continued her evidence yesterday in the Divorce Court.

Mrs. Black, some time back, was granted a decree nisi against her husband, Mr. Horace Drummond Black, a company director.

The King's Proctor now intervened against the decree being made absolute, alleging misconduct by Mrs. Black.

With Mr. William Parker Delafosse, said to have been engaged in secret service work.

Mrs. Black, in her evidence in chief, said that with her husband's consent she went abroad with Delafosse to help him in his work, for which she was paid £20 a month.

In the witness-box yesterday Mrs. Black repeatedly burst into tears. Several times she sank on to the seat and sobbed. "This is a disgusting court," she more than once declared as she broke down.

"I am trying to protect my daughter's name," she cried at one point. "This is why I came into court in this beastly case."

Mrs. Black said she had written recently to Delafosse, sending him a letter to the address of a relative. She asked him to come to court and clear her.

The Judge held that the King's Proctor had not made out his case, and dismissed his intervention, but without costs.

His Lordship said he was satisfied there had been no misconduct between Mrs. Black and Delafosse, but the evidence showed that the parties had acted with recklessness. Mrs. Black had been working for some secret service, and that explained the position.

### "DISPATCHES AT MIDNIGHT."

Mr. Hawke, K.C., cross-examining Mrs. Black, asked whether Mr. Delafosse did not walk into her room when they were staying in the same house as if it were his own.

The witness stamped her feet as she denied this, and Mr. Justice Horridge told her to be calm.

Mr. Hawke then asked about a visit that Mrs. Black paid to Algieras with Delafosse after she had been suffering from a severe illness.

Counsel pointed out that the bedroom occupied by Delafosse had a door communicating with that of the witness.

Bedrooms were always in communication like this in Spain, said Mrs. Black.

Mr. Hawke: What did you do for the secret service?—Many things, and I was not paid properly for it.

You said yesterday when you were at Bognor you received big dispatches?—Yes; some turned up in the middle of the night by special train.

I asked you what kind of things you did and you did not answer—I had no custody for five days the last German aerial shell.

Mr. Hawke: I wish she had. (Laughter.) (To witness): I asked you as to the big dispatches which you never answered.—I had three-paged telegrams and a special courier at Bognor.

You said you were in possession of the last aerial shell. What did you do with it?—I gave it to a commissionaire who came with a message.

What size was the shell?—I cannot tell you. It was on blue paper.

Then it was a plan. Who gave it to you?—I cannot tell you. It was given me to deliver, and I delivered it. I think Scotland Yard might get more interesting information instead of spending money in this way.

### THE VISIT TO SPAIN.

Mr. Horace Drummond Black, husband of petitioner, stated that in 1911 he made the acquaintance of Delafosse, who was a man aged about forty.

Mrs. Black underwent a serious operation, and afterwards the witness and Delafosse used to keep his wife company in her convalescence.

Mr. Le Bas: Did you hear anything about the secret service?

Witness: I understand that Delafosse occupied some position with what was represented to be the English secret service. He always seemed to have plenty of money.

To explain the reasons which led to Mrs. Black going to Algieras witness said it was impossible for him to accompany his wife, owing to the coal strike, and it was necessary for her to go away for a change.

Violet Barnes, formerly employed as maid-servant by Mrs. Black, stated that on one occasion Mrs. Black went to a fancy dress ball in Turkish costume. Mr. Delafosse also went to the ball attired as a Turkish officer.

On the following morning witness was telephoned to by Mrs. Black, and she went to Mr. Delafosse's flat with her mistress's ordinary costume. She saw no acts of familiarity between them at the flat.

The witness also said she remembered parcels arriving for Mrs. Black, and one contained drawings.

## WHY CHARLIE CAN'T.

Chaplin Says "Professional Demands" Prevent Him Donning Khaki.

### "IN MY MODEST SORT OF WAY."

Charlie Chaplin, the film comedian, who is said to now earn a salary of £134,000 a year, has written to *Fall In*, the bright journal of the Middlesex Territorials.

As a former London man, he says that "every Englishman—whether he be a London man or not, whether he be from Sydney or Montreal, Capetown or Hong Kong—certainly is proud of the pluck and the sheer splendidness with which all the boys have and are daily 'doing their bit,' unflinchingly, without whimper, without stint and without other than the finest 'good old beef of England' spirit."

"The days of Wellington and Nelson were not lived in vain, for the spirit that underlies present England is no less in courage and in absolute fearlessness."

"I am but a player in the films, a good-natured bit of a 'clown,' a popular comedian if you will, a player, but no less a man."

"I would that I were at the front, as you so strikingly put it, 'drilling a squad' with, as you add, 'a kick from that wonderful foot of mine.'"

"Wonderful foot! If you will—but with a staunch heart, too, if I were there."

And then, explaining why he has not donned khaki for England, Charlie Chaplin adds:—

"I am sorry that my professional demands do not permit my presence in the Mother-country; I hope that in so saying I do not sound cold-blooded or hiding behind my player's coat."

Here are some of us who can not be 'at the front,' and there are many of you—London men and all—that can be.

"We cheer you for your spirit, your courage and the cheerful way you are each doing 'your little bit.'"

"Not only can old London be well proud of her many loyal sons but all England for the men of the hour."

"In my modest sort of way, in occasional bits of cheery nonsense as 'Charlie Chaplin' the films, I can instil a moment of brief relief from the brunt of the fray, this is my contribution to the man 'at the front.'"

### COALITION CANDIDATE WINS.

The result of the polling at the by-election at Market Harborough, Leicestershire, was announced early this morning as follows:—

Mr. Percy Harris (Coalition) ..... 7,826

Mr. T. Gibson Bowles (Independent) 3,711

Coalition Majority ..... 4,115.

Mr. Harris had the whole of the Coalition machine behind him.

Mr. Bowles, who stood for the full use of



Mr. Percy Harris.

Britain's sea power and a closer blockade, put up a good fight against his opponent.

In the last Harborough election the figures were:—Mr. J. W. Logan (L.), 8,192; Sir H. Marshall (U.), 7,115; Liberal majority, 1,077.

### FIGHT FOR MARRIED MEN'S HOMES.

Important proposals for the preservation of the homes of men killed to the colours are suggested by a scheme approved by the Workers' National War Committee at the House of Commons last night. It is as follows:—

Enlisted married men to be treated as those about to join the colours.

Rent on basis of one-third by the landlord, one-third by householder, and one-third by Treasury.

Arrangements by the Treasury with insurance companies to keep enlisted men in full benefit without payment, during their military service.

Houses to be exempt from rates; grants in aid to be made from Treasury to local authorities.

### DEPRIVED OF THEIR VOTE.

Naturalised enemy subjects in New South Wales are not to be allowed to have the vote during the war.

The Legislative Assembly has passed the third reading of a Bill which excludes these subjects from voting when sitting in Parliament and on municipal councils.

Voters with foreign names will be challenged at the polls, and the penalty for false answers will be a fine and imprisonment. Any person, whether an enemy subject or not, will be disfranchised if found guilty of disloyal offences.

## SUGAR-TEA "RULE."

Mr. McKenna Deprecates Any Abuse of Practice at Shops.

### SHORTAGE WILL SOON BE OVER.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Harold Smith asked if the Government were aware that grocers were stipulating that purchasers should also buy tea, and that this caused a great hardship to poor people.

Mr. McKenna said any such cases should be reported to the secretary of the Royal Commission on Sugar Supply, when they will at once be investigated.

The practice of retaining sugar for purchasers of other goods, unless abused, may act as a safeguard against those who desire to accumulate stocks in order not to share in any economy required by the nation in the future.

Mr. J. H. Thomas said the practice was not in the national interest, and bore hardly on poor people.

Mr. Smith: Is not the practice spreading all over the country?

Mr. McKenna replied that he deprecated any abuse of the practice, and he added that he trusted the shortage of sugar on the present scale would be quite temporary.

It was due to the shortage of ships, but he thought the shortage of sugar on the present scale would be over almost immediately, and when it was over he trusted that any troubles of this kind would disappear. ("Hear, hear!")

Replying to a question by Mr. W. Thorne, Mr. McKenna said that he understood that the general price of sugar in this country was 4½d. per pound. ("Cries of 'No!'")

Mr. Thorne: You go and buy a pound of sugar outside and see what they'll charge you. (Laughter.)

### "STOKE UP WELL."

The King's Advice to Wounded Sailor Guest at Royal Entertainment.

To a bluff-looking railor man who was among the thousand wounded men at the entertainment yesterday at the Riding School at Buckingham Palace the King said:—

"Sit down, my good fellow; don't stand to talk to me. You are wounded, and no doubt tired after your journey." And then, with a look towards the viands: "Mind you stoke up well. That is very important."

Then the King was on his way out to the theatre he had said to a wounded man, pointing to the soldier's leg rest: "You must be very tired."

"No, sir," answered the soldier. "I am too happy to be tired, and I thank your Majesties very much for your kindness."

The entertainment yesterday was the third which has been held at the Riding School, and, as on the previous occasions, the King and Queen were present to welcome their guests, fifteen in the tea tent and then at the splendid concert and variety entertainment that followed.

Their Majesties and Queen Alexandra stopped every now and again to speak words of sympathy and good cheer to the men in khaki over coats and red ties. The royal party also spoke to eight sightless officers.

The organisers of the King's party express their gratitude to the special constables under Commander Jarrett, and to the West India Committee, who, through the medium of Mr. Algeron Aspinall, sent between 4,000 and 5,000 oranges for their Majesties' guests.

### DEATH OF LORD SCARSDALE.

Lord Scarsdale, father of Lord Curzon, who succeeds to the title died yesterday after a long illness.

He was one of the few clerical peers, being rector of Kedleston, a living which was within his own gift. He succeeded to the barony—an eighteenth-century one—close on sixty years ago, the title coming to him from an uncle. He was heir to one of the titles given to Lord Curzon, and thus father and son stood in the curious position of being heirs to each other.

He was born in 1831, being eighty-five years old at the time of his death. In January last, Kedleston Hall, which served as the model for the Viceregal Lodge at Calcutta, where Lord Curzon resided as Viceroy, was the scene of a daring burglary.

Lord Scarsdale lost as a result of this robbery many valuable antiques and a number of priceless heirlooms.

### THE KING SEES GENERAL CADORNA.

General Cadorna, the Italian Commander-in-Chief, made a number of calls yesterday in London.

He left Claridge's Hotel quite early and went to St. Paul's Cathedral, where he remained for some time. He motored through the City as far as the Tower, and on the return journey he motored down the Embankment and glanced around Westminster Abbey.

Later he had an interview with Lord Kitchener at the War Office.

He was received by the King at Buckingham Palace at noon.

## "GIVE THE COFFIN TO THE KAISER!"

Grim Piece of Bertha Trost's "Furniture" Fetches £6.

### PORTRAIT HISSED.

The sale by Messrs. Harrod's of the furniture and effects of Mme. Bertha Trost attracted a large crowd to 77, Chancery-lane, W.C., yesterday.

Bertha Trost played many parts in her time. By turns a beauty specialist and a dealer in antiques, she posed as an old-fashioned English lady. A year ago she was one of the most familiar figures in Hyde Park and her early Victorian gowns and poke bonnets were the talk of fashionable London.

She was, however, a German subject hailing from Frankfurt, and last July was deported from this country as an "undesirable alien enemy."

She left behind her many objects of interest. The house in Clifford-street, New Bond-street, where she plied her double trade of beauty doctor and antique dealer, was a museum of curios. Yesterday this valuable collection of many years came under the auctioneer's hammer.

A Sedan chair of carved gilt wood, the interior of which was upstuffed and covered with old



Portrait of the Kaiser. Hoots and jeers greeted it when the auctioneer put it up for sale. There were no bids.

rose-coloured silk, was sold for three and a half guineas.

Then a portrait of the Kaiser was offered for sale—and quickly withdrawn, amid a storm of boos and hisses.

The most sensational item in the catalogue was Bertha Trost's coffin. It appears that Mme. Trost was in the habit of keeping this grim reminder of mortality in one of her rooms.

The coffin, which was 7ft. in length, was lined with pink silk. A number of brass handles were attached to each side, and the lid was inlaid with a brass plate, inscribed on which were the two words, "Bertha Trost."

It fetched £6. There was an outburst of ironical cheering when a purchaser was at last found, and a man called out, "Give it to the Kaiser!"

### BERLIN STREETS DANGEROUS.

ROME, Thursday.—The *Tribuna* publishes a letter from Berlin written by a lady whose home is in Rome, but who has lived since her marriage in Germany, which contains the following passage:—

"For me, as the mother of a family, it is a serious problem to procure food, and it is impossible to go into the streets of Berlin because of the dangerous demonstrations that daily occur."—Central News.

### OUT OF N.C.C. PAN INTO FIRING LINE.

Four conscientious objectors who had been exempted from combatant service by their local tribunals appealed for total exemption at the Lancashire County Tribunal at Liverpool yesterday.

They were held not to have established their conscience claims at all and were ordered to join the fighting ranks of the Army.

### SEAPLANE AT CHILDREN'S FUNERAL.

Thousands of people attended the funerals of the five little victims and the one man killed in Sunday's air raid, at Ramsgate yesterday. As the children were laid in a row of little graves a British seaplane flew overhead, and a body of Canadian wounded soldiers afterwards filed by and saluted the graves.

### DON'T WASTE STATIONERY.

Strict economy in the use of stationery, wrapping paper and cardboard boxes is urged by the Royal Commission on Paper to make up for the shortage of imported materials.

The Commission requests the public and public authorities to save waste paper of every kind.

Business men should dispose of old account books, etc., to the trade.

### GALLOPER LIGHTSHIP NOT SUNK.

The report of the sinking of the Galloper Lightship, says the Central News, is without foundation. The ship has been withdrawn from her station.



# BLOW AFTER BLOW STRUCK BY THE RUSSIANS AT THE GERMAN LINES

## Violent Battles in Night at Many Points.

### HARDER POUNDING.

Germans Speak of Russia's Great Amount of Ammunition.

## FRENCH RAID FOE TRENCH

Both the Austrian and German lines in the Eastern theatre of war are being subjected to mighty blows delivered by the Russians.

### RUSSIA'S OFFENSIVE.

While recording violent night onsets of the Russians at a number of points, notably at the Jacobstadt Bridgehead, both sides of the Mitau-Jacobstadt Railway, north of Widsy, and between the Narocz and Wisniew Lakes, Berlin declares that our Ally has had no success, and speaks of the "unshakable German defence."

The front along which the Russians are fighting, namely, from the south-east of Riga to the Narocz-Wisniew Lakes, is about 175 miles.

### BATTLE OF THE GUNS.

There is little to report from the Western theatre of war. Paris says fierce shelling continued to the east of the Meuse—i.e., north of Verdun—and that in the Fey-en-Haye region the French secured prisoners as the result of a surprise raid on a German trench. The Germans claim to have taken a French vantage point on the ridge to the south-west of Haucourt and about 440 prisoners.

### SECOND RAIDER PAYS PENALTY.

It is cheering to have news that a second of last Sunday's raiders was brought down. A pilot taking a new machine to the French front saw the raid in progress, seized his opportunity, and made the baby-killers pay the penalty.

## AUSTRIAN LINES BROKEN AT SEVERAL POINTS.

### Enemy Brigade Said To Have Been Wiped Out.

Rome, Thursday.—Following up the evacuation of Czernowitz by the Austrians and the forcing of the Dniester advised by us yesterday, the Russians are developing a strong general offensive, the violence of which is continually increasing.

They have succeeded in breaking the enemy's lines at several points, and a whole Austrian brigade has been annihilated in the neighbourhood of Koziensko (Uscieczko).—Wireless Press.

## STRONG RUSSIAN FORCES ATTACK IN NORTH.

### Berlin Talks of "the Unshakable German Defence."

#### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—German Main Headquarters reports as follows:—

Yesterday the main offensive activity of the Russians was delivered during the evening and night hours. They advanced repeatedly with strong forces against our positions at the bridgehead of Jacobstadt, and on both sides of the Mitau-Jacobstadt railway, and they also delivered attacks four times against our line to the north of Widsy.

On the front to the north-west of Postawy, where the number of captured prisoners increased to fourteen officers and 889 men, the Russians refrained from making any extensive attempts to attack, presumably on account of their exceedingly sanguinary losses.

They attacked repeatedly with renewed violence between the Narocz and Wisniew lakes. The large number of men and great amount of ammunition employed in these attacks and also in several local enterprises at other points have not succeeded in bringing the Russians the slightest advantage against the unshakable German defence.—Wireless Press.

## VIOLENT SHELLING EAST OF THE MEUSE.

### French Surprise Raid Secures Prisoners at Fey-en-Haye.

#### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The official communiqué issued this afternoon is as follows:—

To the west of the Meuse the bombardment slackened during the night. The enemy has not renewed his attempts on the little hill of Haucourt, of which we hold the redoubt.

To the east of the Meuse the bombardment continued violent at several points of our front.

In the Woivre there is no important event to note beyond an intermittent cannonade to the west of Ponta-Mousson.

A coup de main against an enemy trench in the region of Fey-en-Haye enabled us to make some prisoners.

The night was calm on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

## GERMANS CLAIM SUCCESS.

#### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Thursday.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Our success near the forest of Avocourt was consummated by the capturing of the French point d'appui on the ridge of the south-west of Haucourt. About 440 prisoners were taken.

There were no changes otherwise in the general situation.—Wireless Press.

## FIGHTING IN GALICIA.

#### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—To-day's official communiqué says:—

Russian Theatre of War.—The activity of the enemy yesterday became more vigorous almost along the entire north-east front.

Our positions were kept under the enemy's artillery fire.

On the Strypa and in the Kormyn sector Russian infantry attacks were everywhere repulsed.

In East Galicia one Russian detachment, a battalion strong in this afternoon, made an attack lost three officers and over 150 men killed and 100 men taken prisoners.

Our losses were a number of men wounded.

Italian Theatre of War.—Yesterday was quiet.—Reuter.

## SECOND BABY-KILLER BROUGHT DOWN.

### British Pilot Bags a Dover Raider While on His Way to the Front.

Information has come to hand, says the Press Association, that on Sunday last a second German seaplane was brought down during the attack on Dover.

During a trip to France a pilot was engaged in taking a new machine to the front, and in passing Dover saw the raid taking place, and an attack he had an observer with him in his machine, and he immediately joined in the attack on the German aircraft.

It is stated that he was successful, for the machine engaged was brought down in the sea.

He then continued his flight to France.

#### AIRSHIP OVER NORWAY.

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.—A large airship was observed last night by the inhabitants of the Norwegian village of Osvebro, near Christian-sand.

It was only about a hundred yards above the house-tops and was highly illuminated.

The airship, after using her searchlights, took a westerly course over the North Sea.

She bore no marks of nationality.—Central News.

## THREE BRITISH RAIDS ON FOE'S TRENCHES.

### Dug-Outs Full of Germans Bombed and Blown In.

#### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Thursday, 9.34 p.m.—Our troops carried out two successful raids against enemy trenches about Gommecourt and the Bethune-La Bassée road. One prisoner captured and three dugouts full of Germans bombed and blown in.

The enemy sprang a small mine north of Arras and two mines north-east of Neuve Chapelle, causing slight damage to our trenches.

A grenade attack north of Arras was repulsed. There has been artillery activity about Fricourt, Gommecourt, Souchez, the Hohenzollern Redoubt and Ypres.

In one place our artillery fire caused a large explosion in the enemy's lines.

## ONLY TWO PRISONERS NOW WITH ARABS.

### Hope That They May Yet Be Recovered from the Senussi.

#### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

PRESS BUREAU, Thursday, 10.15 p.m.—The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Egypt.—A further report has been received from Egypt with regard to the liberation of the ninety-one prisoners who were in the hands of the Senussi.

The rescue expedition, which was entirely separate from the action on March 14, took place on the 17th inst.

Nine armoured cars, twenty-six other cars and ten motor-ambulances left Sollum at 3 a.m., being guided by Captain Royle, of the Egyptian Coastguard Service, and two natives.

The prisoners were said to be at Bir Hakim, seventy miles from Sollum, but the actual distance travelled was about 121 miles.

At the approach of the cars the guards fled, but were pursued and killed.

All the cars returned safely, bringing back the prisoners, who are now being cared for in hospital, their condition being reported as satisfactory.

There are only two prisoners now remaining in the enemy's hands, and there is some hope that they may be rescued.

This was the dash across the desert reported a few days ago, which was under the command of the Duke of Westminster. The story then told us was a thrilling one for a picturesque dash by "petrol cavalry," a brilliant action in which the guns of the armoured cars accounted for a large number of cavalry and a safe return with the rescued prisoners, among whom were men from the torpedoed Tara, with very few casualties.

## U.S.A. STIRS UP A LIVELY HORNETS' NEST.

New York, Thursday.—A telegram from El Paso, Texas, states that General Herrera, commanding 2,000 soldiers of the Carranza Party, has revolted and led his men into the ranks of General Villa.

It is now feared that an attack will be made upon the American troops now engaged in hunting down General Villa, and forces are being rushed to the border.

Mr. Sherman will submit a resolution in the Senate to-day directing Mr. Wilson to call for 50,000 volunteers.

It is reported that two other Mexican garrisons are likely to join the rebels in an attack on the American forces, whose strength would be entirely inadequate for successful operations.—Central News.

## WOMAN'S VISIT TO A VILE GERMAN SPY.

### Startling Disclosure of a British Subject's Journey.

## "INCITING TO MURDER."

A vivid internment drama, the details of which cast a powerful light on war time dangers at home, gripped the attention of the House of Commons last night.

It was Sir Frederick Smith, the Attorney-General, who related this startling little bit of history. He was replying to Mr. Trevelyan, who had waxed eloquent about the injustices which he alleged had been caused by the administration of the Defence of the Realm Act.

The imprisonment of British citizens without trial, he urged, was dangerous to the liberty of the subject. In particular he mentioned the hard case of an Englishwoman who had been interned.

With biting scorn Sir F. Smith revealed the facts of the case.

Mr. Trevelyan, he said, had drawn a picture of a thoroughly innocent and patriotic home. What were the facts?

The woman is a British subject who since 1909 was an intimate friend of a person who had to flee from this country because he was associated with sedition and with attempts at assassination.

This man went to Berlin at the beginning of the war, and since then has been employed as an agent by the enemy—an agent of particularly dangerous and vile kind.

"In May last this woman went to Switzerland in order to meet this German spy, and she stayed in the same hotel with him for several days, and in a statement she had herself made she admitted being told by him that he was in the employment of the German Government in an office in Berlin."

"After her meeting with him she returned to England, carrying a message from him to one of his proved accomplices here, and when she was arrested literature of an extremely seditious character was found in her possession advocating both revolution and murder."

Sir Frederick paused. He turned round, "This is the case of the innocent English lady," he said scornfully.

"The war has now lasted eighteen months," went on Sir F. Smith, "and it is amazing, not that so many cases of hardship have been brought to the notice of the House, but that so few cases can be cited," said the law officer.

"In all the cases there is a complete and conclusive answer."

"Without exception, the charges brought forward by the hon. member are baseless and unsubstantiated and do not deserve a vestige of sympathy," he repeated out.

The House cheered loudly.

## ATTACK GERMANY BY AIR

Mr. Pemberton Billing asked the First Lord of the Admiralty to give an assurance that the Allied raid on Zebruggue was not, so far as this country was concerned, an isolated and sporadic act of offensive air warfare, but was part of a well-considered plan for vigorous and repeated attacks on enemy aircraft bases and other points of strategic importance.

Dr. Macnamara, who replied, said the Government had every intention of utilising to the utmost all the air resources at their disposal for offensive as well as defensive operations.

Replying to Lieut. Dudley Ward, Dr. Macnamara stated that he was instituting an inquiry into the charges made by Mr. Joynton-Hicks about the conduct of the naval authorities in connection with Sunday's air raid at Ramsgate.

#### POLAR STOWAWAY.

SOUTH GEORGIA, Thursday.—Reuter's Agency says that a telegram received to-day from Buenos Ayres states that the Endurance which left there on October 26, 1914, with Sir Ernest Shackleton and the members of his Trans-Antarctic Expedition for the south is expected daily to return to the Argentine port.

She will bring the first news of the landing of the party on the shores of the Weddell Sea and of the start of the great march of 1,700 miles across the South Polar Continent.

On the voyage to South Georgia Sir Ernest narrates an incident probably unique in South Polar exploration.

On the afternoon of the second day out a stow-away was discovered in a little tank locker, the only part of the ship that was not crammed with stores.

He was a healthy young sailor, and when he was brought before Sir Ernest Shackleton he said that he had concealed himself because it was his only chance of joining the expedition.

Sir Ernest made him cook's help, and he is probably still with the expedition.



Prince Alexander of Serbia arrives at the Gare de Lyon, Paris. He is seen walking to the motor-car with President Poincaré.—(French War Office photograph.)



## BOAT AS PLATFORM: LUSITANIA RELIC TO TOUR ENGLAND.



Dr. Macaura, of Skibbereen, Cork, speaking from the Lusitania lifeboat which he is bringing to England. It will be taken on tour to raise money for the men engaged in mine sweeping. In the foreground can be seen the members of the Silver Band which the doctor has maintained since the war began. It has been a great aid to recruiting.

### "KITTY MACKAY."



Miss Molly McIntyre, who has returned from the States to play in "Kitty Mackay," which is to be produced in London. The play had a most successful run in America.—(Arbuthnot.)

### WOMEN WHO ARE IN THE NEWS.



Miss Liliac Earle, who will play Lady Felicia Gaveston in "Sealed Orders" at the King's Theatre, Hammer-smith, next week.



Miss Nancy Green, who is acting as church clerk at Great Holland, Essex. Her duties include grave digging and bell ringing.

### FRENCH ALPINE ARTILLERY.



The men are seen on the way to the front "somewhere in the Vosges."

### BADGE ON ARMLET.



Private Smith (Black Watch), who saw twelve months' active service, decorates his armlet with his regimental badge. Armlets are now supplied to discharged men.

### GROUP OF PRETTY LASSIES WHO ARE APPEARING IN "ALL SCOTCH."



This revue will be on the programme at the Palladium next week, and is sure to attract good houses.



### What I want every day

is something to smoke

I am getting what I want now that my people at home have told Martins to send me 70 cigarettes every week by post. This gives me 10 cigarettes every day—and it only costs 1/- a week.

**1/9½ worth for 1/-**

Write for free War Booklet, which shows how you send more Smokes for less money to men at the Front.

**Martins**  
Cigaret Shippers  
210, Piccadilly, London, W

"I can work well on this."

**Rowntree's**  
**ELECT Cocoa**

INCREASES ENERGY.

**St. Ivel**  
**CHEESE**

St. Ivel Lactic Cheese contains more food value than beefsteak. At the same time its lactic cultures keep the system healthy. It is soft, creamy, delicious, with a mild Cheddar flavour. There is no rind, nor waste.

FROM GROCERS AND DAIRYMEN.



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1916.

## WAIT AND SEE.

WE came across our old friend the Prophet yesterday, whose real name we conceal, but whose counterpart is pretty well known, no doubt, to all our readers; since each of us has, or has had, a prophet in the family.

In some families, the prophet, while foreseeing everything else that did not come true, failed to foresee his own death which did: it is a fact, we mean, that some prophets have been slain, either by impatient relatives or by Germans. Prophets rarely discern matters that concern themselves; if they did, they might know what a nuisance they are, and keep quiet. Instead, they go on; and when one dies another falls into the ranks and points the prophetic rite.

Thus our friend the Prophet—call him Nostradamus, a nice high-sounding name—did not greatly surprise us when we met him last night. We thought he was dead, but found he was alive. That was all. And we found him still prophesying.

But now we were rather rude to him, instead of being polite. We were polite in August, 1914, when he told us: "The war will be over by Christmas." (That meant Christmas, 1914.)

"Why?"

He explained by means of certain calculations based on the Book of Revelations.

In March, 1915, we met him again and remarked: "Look here, old chap, that prophecy you know."

"What about it?"

"Simply, it didn't come off! You said Christmas, 1914."

"No, I didn't. I said, 'Christmas.'"

"Oh, I say! Of course the war will be over before some Christmas."

"I meant Christmas, 1915."

So like a prophet!

He passed. We forgot him—till last night.

He now says June, 1916. Why? Because that Banker . . . You've heard the tale. Because somebody says that a mysterious Banker, practised in drawing in dividends at definite dates, says

But again we had our objection. "Look here, you said Christmas, 1915. You promised us."

He was not a bit taken aback. What do you think? He had the impertinence to affirm that he "only made that little slip" because we were so sceptical; and, if you've a sceptic to deal with, his scepticism acts upon the prophetic power, so that it can't do the best for itself. To get a correct prophecy, you must believe in the prophet. Believe first and don't notice mistakes afterwards. Have faith and your faith shall prevent you from seeing when it goes wrong. And so on.

We've heard it all before. Still, who knows? June, 1916? Scepticism is occasional. Credulity lasts. We shall see.

W. M.

## LOVE'S CONSCIENCE.

Love is too young to know what conscience is; Yet who knows not conscience is born of love? Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss, Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove: For, thou betraying me, I do betray My nobler part to my gross body's treason; My soul doth tell my body that he may Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason, But rising at thy name doth point out thee As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride, He is contented thy poor drudge to be, To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side. No want of conscience hold it that I call Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

—SHAKESPEARE.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Reform is not joyous, but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men!—Coryllo.

## THE PRESENT FAMINE IN SMALL HOUSES

### HINTS ON THE PROBLEM FROM PARIS AND NEW YORK.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

THE bold "twisting" of trades, and the turning of the nation into a vast arsenal for the production of war-munitions, has had peculiar social results.

The more embarrassing of these are due to the sudden shifting of population in response to the high wages offered in armament centres. Here the question of housing—one of growing perplexity in recent years—flamed up as a problem so urgent that we find the Government itself erecting "mushroom" worktowns at one place, whilst in another they took in hand an artisan dwelling scheme involving £250,000.

Before me lies a provincial paper with a private offer from a tool-setter of £3 for news of a likely house not far from the famous munitions works. A working man will go £2 better than this for the "key" of a decent, family home

shortage in small flats and dwellings. Same in Paris, too."

"Have you any idea of 'the only son' tragedy in France to-day?" the agent put to me when his tired visitor had gone. "Here at home the housing problem has grown worse since the 1910 Budget, which scared the building speculator. The following year the number of new houses dropped from 87,000 to less than 11,000! So it's not so queer there should be this famine, even with millions of our men away."

### FOR THE CHILDREN.

It's due to rushes of population, as in one place where the gun and shell shops have taken on another 20,000 hands. At another £1 a week is asked for two cubby holes in a well-placed cottage, and in these a whole family will herd. It's not wholesome.

Fewer cars and more perambulators, is the war-time cry; but I tell you something must be done for folks with a big brood. The woman who's kept her cradle full is full of trouble now. Rents are rising till I've been asked for gipsy caravans and portable huts made of board and felt! What can we do? Well, Paris has shown

## PAY AND WORK.

### WHY THE TRUE LABOURER IS NOT WORTHY OF HIS HIRE!

MAKING "TOMMY" LAUGH.

I DON'T think "Tommy" will object to Charlie Chaplin getting so much money. Our comic singers and entertainers make him laugh.

"Tommy" is grateful for that, and doesn't grudge the money. C. M. Putney.

### "TO PLAY THE FOOL!"

ALLOW me to endorse the letter by "M. P." in your issue of to-day. The immense salaries paid to entertainers to play the fool is indeed a sign of the times.

One may well pause to make comparisons and ask the meaning of it all. C. E. H. Worthing, March 22.

### WHY DOES HE TAKE IT?

TO my mind it is not only wrong, but outrageous that any entertainer should receive £150,000 a year. But that in war time especially anything like such a sum should be given is a crying shame.

There are our "Tommys" and "Jacks" daily risking their lives. There is everyone doing their utmost to help in every way, not only in making, but in sending to the troops. We preach economy. For the heavy price, and still an entertainer can make such a sum as this.

The marvel is that any man can take it. (Rev.) PEMBERTON LLOYD (formerly vicar of Ancaster, Lincolnshire).

### MARRIED WOMEN UNWANTED.

SEEING the letter signed "Steno" in your paper induces me to inform you of my wife's experiences. My wife is an expert shorthand typist, and ably fitted to take position of secretary; but twice last week, when about to be accepted for secretarial post she was refused when she said she was a married woman.

I am a wounded soldier, have lost my own post, and have nothing to go to when I leave the Army, yet my wife is prevented from keeping the home fire burning which she is so nobly trying to do. Why is it a married woman with no encumbrances, but is experienced and capable, is unable to get employment? WAR-RISK.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 23.—Violas may be planted and time during the next two weeks, but favourable weather should be chosen for the work. Given a little attention, these favourite flowers will bloom from April until the autumn. Faded flowers must be removed every few days, and the long straggly shoots cut back some time in July.

Although low-growing plants, violas send down their roots to a great depth; positions for them must, therefore, be deeply dug and the soil made fairly rich. They can be used for edgings or for covering the ground between roses, gladioli, etc. E. F. T.

## BENEDICK-BROWN'S WAR ECONOMIES.—No. 2.



He goes out to dinner on one of these delightful spring nights and determines to save a taxi fare. Economy wants very careful calculation!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

not too far from the famous yard—that titan-forged of steel tubes and shattering projectiles.

Now this matter of housing may be viewed with indifference by single men. And childless couples are not seriously involved. But to fathers and mothers with a full quiver it is a real tragedy. Think of a skilled man being obliged to live in Kennington, and going to and fro daily to Woolwich, at the mercy of storms and overcrowded trains! The famine in houses for miles around this roaring hive is too notorious for more than passing mention.

"I've advertised, you'll hear the weary mother tell the agent, 'I've tramped the streets till I'm ready to drop and wasted pounds' worth of my time. I make nearly £2 a week on fuses."

"Many children?" queried the house agent, slamming his book with decisive sympathy.

"Seven, sir. And the landlords were quite rude, even when I said how badly the country needs children now."

"War wastage, eh? Same in Berlin, where shell hands bewail the Kleinwohnungsnot, or

the way by building 'Houses of the Children'—blocks of flats in which only large families are taken.

Paris landlords put a clause in the lease that if a baby were born while you occupied a flat or a house they'd have power to put you out! Hence these Houses of the Children, built by the Société des Logement pour Familles Nombreuses. Call it the Big Families' Association.

"The first block went up in the dreary Mémilmontant Quarter, facing the Rue de Télégraphe. Dr. Broca, a millionaire physician, was a leading spirit. So was M. Vert, Mayor of the Twentieth Arrondissement. Rich merchants and leisured ladies lent a hand, and the architect was M. Debrie, so famous for his hospitals and model schools."

The first pile had seventy-five suites, and every room was bright and airy. Stairways had double rails—a lower one for the children's use. There were playgrounds and sun balconies; the ingenious stove in a L15 flat not only cooked, but

also warmed the whole place. Monsieur and madame had a cosy bedroom. There was another for the boys, a third for the girls, and in the better flats a salon as well as a salle à manger.

Monsieur was near his work, madame close to the markets, schools and shops. Newer piles have gardens and crèches and lawns. It was a great idea in practical philanthropy, and soon spread to New York, where the housing problem is a scandal. Mr. Henry Phillips, the Pittsburg steel king, gave a million dollars for the first Houses of the Children—an imposing pile on 35th Street, New York City.

"It cost \$45,000, and had roof gardens, 'pram' rooms and shower baths. Hygienic landries, too, and a kindergarten for 200 children under resident nurse-teachers. Concerts, steam-heat, electric light and garish burning plants and other features that smooth life's day for the parents of families in a very trying climate. Here, surely, is a chance for our own rich men—a hint in social service free from all taint of charity and of the highest value to the State."



## DOCK FULL OF FISH: PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR THE SAILORS



When the dry dock in which H.M.S. ——— was placed at Simonstown was drained of water an immense quantity of mackerel was found. The crew soon got busy.

## BARBED WIRE DEFENCES FOR LONDON CLUB.



Expecting to have to stand a siege by the German Athenæum, Limited, the members of the United Service Club, now housed in the former German Athenæum, in Stratford-place, have erected barbed wire entanglements about the vulnerable parts of the premises.

## NOT TORPEDOED.



The famous Galloper Lightship, which has been removed. It was reported that she had been torpedoed.

## NOW AN ACTRESS



Lady Constance Malleon, who has taken up acting, as she thinks everyone should be able to earn a living.

## SINGING TO THE KING'S WOUNDED GUESTS



Mr. Joseph Coyne and the Empire Theatre chorus, singing "England Every Man His Own" in the riding school at Buckingham Palace, which was converted into a theatre for the King's wounded guests.—(Official photograph.)



# ATAN OR SPIRITUALIST?: MR. H. B. IRVING'S TRIUMPH.



Beverley, the man of mystery.



Standish burns the letters which would save Maitland's life. He thinks it is his wife who murdered Barton.



Beverley calls up spirits to aid him in discovering Barton's murderer.



Reconstructing the crime.

chief character in "The Barton Mystery," a spiritualist or a charlatan? certain leaves the audience in doubt, and London is sure to discuss the free about it. Mr. H. B. Irving, as Beverley, gives what is probably

the finest piece of character acting since his father appeared in "The Bells"; while other members of the cast are Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Holman Clark, Miss Jessie Winter, Miss Hilda Bailey and Miss Marie Illington. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

## DUKE IN A RICKSHAW.



Duke Michaelovitch, who visited the Mikado, goes sightseeing at Nikko. He was the Russian decorations to the Emperor.

## NARROW ESCAPES.



Sergeant F. H. Hawley, who has been fighting since December, 1914, without receiving a scratch. He has had many escapes.



Lieutenant F. F. Harrison, who was nearly killed on the day he earned his commission. He was wounded by shrapnel, but his pack stopped several fragments.

## DEPORTED WOMAN'S VALUABLE COFFIN.



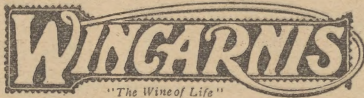
The £150 coffin which Mme. Bertha Trost kept in her bedroom up for sale at 77, Chancery-lane. In the circles are the buyer, Mr. H. Spring, who gave £6 for it, and the late owner. (Daily Mirror photographs.)





## 'Wincarnis' offers you New Health and New Life.

What a comfort to know that you need not remain Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' or Run-down—to know that 'Wincarnis' offers you new health and new life. The reason is that 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) possesses a four-fold power in creating the health you need. 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, life-giving beverage. It is this four-fold power that enables 'Wincarnis' to give you new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality.



is so good that over 10,000 Doctors recommend it. That fact alone should convince you that 'Wincarnis' is the one thing for you if you are Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' Run-down, or a martyr to Indigestion, or enfeebled by old age, or an invalid striving to regain health after an exhausting illness. Don't let your life be clouded by indifferent health. Don't continue to suffer needlessly.

**Don't remain  
Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'**  
Take advantage of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

### Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

### Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W 319, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.  
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of Wincarnis. I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

"Daily Mirror,"  
24/3/16.

### LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI.** (163rd perfon.) New Musical Play, **TINA.**  
To-night, at 8. Mats, Weds, and Sat., at 2.  
**GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DAKE, W. H. BERRY.**  
Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 2645 and 2886 Ger.  
**AMBASSADORS.** **MORE,** by Harry Grattan.  
Eves., 8.30. Matinee, Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.  
**APOLLO.** **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.**  
Matinee, Weds., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.  
**COMEDY THEATRE.** **Sole Lessee and Manager, Arthur**  
**Chadwell.** **"THE BIRTH OF A NATION."**  
Albert de Courville and Wai Pink. Every Evening, at 8.45.  
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Evenings, at 8.30. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.  
Shouts and screams of laughter. By Telegram.  
**DALY'S.** **The George Edwards Production. BETTY.**  
TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mats, Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.  
Winifred Burtons, Gabrielle Ray, G. M. Lowe, Lauri de  
Frece and G. P. HUNTLEY. (LAST WEEKS.)  
**DRURY LANE.**  
Arthur Collins Presents  
W. D. GRIFFITH'S  
MIGHTY SPECTACLE  
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION."  
Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s. Tel. Germain 2558.  
**DUKE OF YORKS.** **TODAY and DAILY, 2.45.**  
Evenings, Weds., Thurs. and Sat., 8.15 to 9.15.  
**"JERRY."** a New Farce. At 2.30. Dorothy Varick.  
**YVONNE ARNAUD.** **CHARLES WINDENBERG.**  
**CAIETY.** **Evenings, 8.0. Mats, Sat., 2.0.**  
**TODAY'S THE NIGHT.**  
At 2.30.  
**TIGER'S CUR.**  
RASHI, GILF, and MADGE TITTERADGE. Mats, Mon.,  
Wed., Fri. Sat., 2.30. Eves., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30.  
**CLOBBE.** **Daily, 2.30. Eves., Weds., Fri., Sat., 8.15.**  
**HAYMARKET.** **THE MOVIE MANNERING IN PEG O' MY HEART.**  
Eves., 8.15 to 9.15.  
**HENRY AINLEY.** Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S.** **THE ARM OF THE LAW.** (LAST WEEK.)  
Peculiar by one-act Comedy, "DOCTOR JOHNSON."  
Only Evening Performance. To-morrow (Saturday), at 8.  
**LYRIC.** **DORIS KEANE IN ROMANCE.**  
Evenings, at 8.15. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.  
A. E. ANSON.  
**NEW.** **TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. CAROLINE.**  
by W. Somerset Maugham. Miss Irene Vanbrugh  
and Mr. Dion Boucicault. Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr.  
Leonard Byrne. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.  
**PLAYHOUSE.** **PLEASE HELP EMILY.**  
Chas. Hawtrey and Gladys Cooper. Evenings (Mondays  
excepted), at 8.30. Mats, Every Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.40.  
**PRINCE OF WALES.** **Last 3 Performances. Eves. at 8.**  
Matinee, Sat., at 2.30. Walter Howard, Alfred Paumer  
and Annie Sakor in **THE SILVER CRUCIFIX.**  
**QUEEN'S.** **AT 2.30. THE LOVE THIEF.**  
**MATINEES TO-DAY and TO-MORROW, at 2.30; and**  
**TO-MORROW EVENING, at 8.30. (Tel. Ger. 9457.)**  
**ST. JAMES'S.** **THE BASKIN, a New Comedy.**  
By Clifford Mills. TO-DAY and DAILY, at 2.30.  
Evening Performance, Sat., only, 8.15.  
**GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARD.**  
**SAVOY.** **THE BARTON MYSTERY, by Walter Hackett.**  
Mats, Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.  
**SCALA.** **2.30 and 7.30. THE WORLD AT WAR.** Our  
Enemies on Both Fronts, Allied Navies, ZEPPELINS,  
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Front, etc.  
**SHAFTESBURY.** **AT 8.15. MY LADY FRAVLE.**  
Robert Courtneidge's Production.  
Matinee, Every Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.  
**VAUDEVILLE.** **"SARAFLES!"** New Verger.  
H. Grattan's Revue. 8.15. Mats, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.  
**WYNDHAM'S.** **Evenings, 8.30. Mats, Wed., Sat., 2.30.**  
**KISS FOR GINGERBREAD.** by J. A. Baker.  
Gerald du Maurier. Hilda Trevelyan.

**DAILY MAIL ACTIVE SERVICE EXHIBITION, Princes**  
Shooting Club, Knightsbridge, on behalf of the British Red  
Cross and Order of St. John. Daily to April 6, 11 a.m. to  
8 p.m. Admission To-day: 11 to 2, 1s.; 2 to 5.2s. 6d.,  
Children 7s. to 8s. 1s.  
Other Amusements on page 11.

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# ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.  
By MARK  
ALLERTON

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE**, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

**REV. HUGH GRIEVE**, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

**ALAN WYNNE**, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

**ROSALIE GRIEVE** is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of blind interest that is disconcerting. His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris. They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. The Rev. Hugh Grieve, who has made a great success of his church, has a sudden antipathy. And then he remembers it is Alan Wynne who has been setting Northbury Park by the ears by his unconventional notions.

Wynne sees Rosalie home after the merry evening in Soho. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. Rosalie is surlier—surlier at himself, surlier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

The little quarrel is afterwards a-t-t-e-d up, and Rosalie says she will see the Rev. Mr. Grieve. One day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Lucien, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go, though her husband, unknown to her, goes secretly. Rosalie finds this out, and goes to Wynne's studio to have her portrait painted. Hugh Grieve discovers the visits and denounces her.

Her friends the Bettisons are going to Paris, and Rosalie has a wild longing to go with them. "Why don't you go to Paris with Wynne?" says her husband harshly.

## ROSALIE LISTENS.

**ROSALIE** paused before she replied. "We have been quarrelled about Mr. Wynne many times," she said. "This is the first time you have been absolutely coarse."

Hugh tried to recover from his mistake.

"What I mean is, that since you clearly imply that without this man your life is simply barren of all interest—"

"I did not imply that," she interrupted.

"That meaning was certainly suggested to me by your tone."

"Then I am sorry," she paused. "Shall I post your letters?" she added.

"This discussion is distasteful to you?" he sneered.

"It is very distasteful. Shall I post your letters?"

"Yes," she said. "You are going to see Wynne to-morrow?"

"The gossips will be grateful to you."

Again this maddening silence on Rosalie's part.

"What do you care? Not one brass farthing! Why should you? I am nothing to you. My work is nothing to you. There is nothing. . ."

"If you want to scold me, Hugh," she interrupted, "let us go where the servants won't hear you."

He became inarticulate. For a moment he glanced at her in silent anger. Then he flung off. The door of his study crashed behind him. Rosalie left the house. She walked with quiet deliberation to the pillar-box, dropped her letter in, and returned to the vicarage, going to her room, which was her sanctuary.

Hugh's outburst left her strangely undisturbed. It was as though he had behaved as she had expected him to behave. She was not lashed into anger by his taunts. Her eyes were innocent of tears. Only despair, complete and deadening, filled her heart.

In his study Hugh sat, his hands covering his head. He, too, was facing despair. For days he had wrestled with the evil spirit that seemed to possess him, and his failure to conquer at the very first test left him with no hope for the future.

He was distraught. Unexpected worries had leapt upon him at a time when he was harassed beyond measure by his quarrel with Rosalie. He had discovered signs of an underhand conspiracy against him in St. Luke's. Its moving spirit was the man with whom he was bound to be associated in his work—Mr. Moss.

The pin-pricks from which Hugh had suffered for long had become savage thrusts. He found himself unable to parry them with his old suavity. His nerves were getting out of control. He had not slept well for weeks. Lately there had been nights when he had not gone to bed.

His outbursts against Rosalie were the result of jangled nerves. Hot words of anger sprang

to his lips, and he could not check them. When they were spoken he would have given anything to recall them.

Then there was Lucien. Lucien had deceived him again. This time it had been more than deceit. A document lay in Hugh's desk at which he almost feared to look. It was a copy of another, and had been sent to him by a firm of solicitors. He was taking it the next day to his own solicitors. If they held that it was valid it smelt something very like ruin for him. And Hugh guessed that the author of the original document was Lucien Banks.

The accumulation of troubles, supported by his estrangement with Rosalie, unbalanced his judgment. He saw dangers in every direction. His world became full of people plotting his downfall. Even his wife had turned against him.

She had said that Wynne was going to Paris. Was that true? Might he not rather be leaving the suburb for another place, where he and Rosalie might meet with greater secrecy? The most extravagant suspicions possessed him. He knew in his heart that they were extravagant. He would have tolerated no other to voice them.

As he sat there, he made another valiant effort to tackle the situation sanely.

"I've been working too hard," he told himself. "Work and worry have upset me. I ought to go away for a time. No. I couldn't do that. I couldn't leave Rosalie. I'd never know if—"

He broke off. "A doctor might do something—a really good man. Perhaps it's nerves. Something will have to be done. And at once. Later on will be too late. Perhaps it's already too late! Rosalie. . . she must hate me now. Hate me! Oh! what can be done?"

The telephone bell shrilled suddenly. Hugh started violently at the unexpected sound. Then he went to the receiver.

"Yes," he cried, and then his voice rang with excitement. "You! Where have you been all this time? What! I must see you, Lucy—at once. There's some trouble and you've got to help me to clear it up. As they are at present, things are intolerable. Well, when? To-night, yes. Where? Very well. I'll be there."

He hung up the receiver and went back to his study.

With her fingers on the handle of the door of the little room where the telephone instrument was stood Rosalie. She did not open the door. Very quietly she went away.

## BACK TO THE STUDIO.

"I MUST see you, Lucy—at once. There's some trouble, and you've got to help me to clear it up. As they are at present, things are intolerable. Well, when? To-night, yes. Where? Very well. I'll be there."

She heard Hugh's quick, excited accents. His words rang in her ears.

Temperamentally, Rosalie was the reverse of jealous. The latitude she wanted for herself was ready to grant to Hugh. Even now she was not jealous of this Lucy who had come into her husband's life. There were a dozen obvious reasons why he should not have told her about this Lucy—not very satisfactory reasons, but still satisfactory. She was prepared to accept any one of them, had he offered it.

She had gone into the drawing-room. She was standing there, thinking very hard, when the maid entered with the tea-tray.

"Shall I tell the master, m'm?" she asked.

"Not for a few minutes. He is busy for the moment."

An elusive thought had occurred to Rosalie. She wanted it to become definite. It had something to do with Hugh's outburst. . . She remembered!

He had wrathfully asked her why she didn't go to Paris with Alan Wynne. She had been ready to excuse the cruel insinuation on the ground of his anger. But now, she wondered, had he meant it? Did he want—really want—to get rid of her?

"As they are at present, things are intolerable!"

A thousand times true! Intolerable for her as for him! Was a solution to be found in her very going away? Was that what Hugh meant?

"You've got to help me to clear it up."

Not she, but somebody else! And how? What was Hugh going to do? Had these frantic onslaughts of his the purpose of trying to drive her away, to goad her into desperate action? It was incredible to think that Hugh could adopt

such a course. For, if he had done so, it must have been on a calculated plan.

What had come over Hugh, to change him from a devoted husband, the very soul of kindness and consideration, to one who seemed to take pleasure in beating her with his invective?

The door opened. Hugh came into the room. He still showed signs of agitation. Almost shamefacedly he avoided looking at Rosalie.

"Is tea ready? Good! Just a cup of tea. Nothing to eat, thanks. I've got to go out in a hurry."

"Very well, Hugh."

"I may not be back for dinner. I can't tell. I've got an appointment to keep. Anyhow, don't wait for me."

"Very well, Hugh."

He gulped his tea nervously.

"Sampson will be round for the list of Sunday's hymns. You'll find it behind the clock in my study. Do you mind giving it to him, Rosalie?"

"Behind the clock in your study. I'll not forget, Hugh."

"Thanks. . . . Forgive my rushing off, Rosalie."

He put down his cup and saucer with a clatter.

"Certainly, Hugh. If you should not be back to dinner I'll have some sandwiches left on the sideboard."

"Oh, don't trouble about sandwiches."

"It will be no trouble, Hugh."

She followed him with her eyes, seeking for an explanation of the mystery. He did not look at her. "Well, I'll be off," he said, at the door.

"Good-bye, Rosalie!"

He was gone. She heard him in the hall, putting on his hat and coat, gathering up his gloves and umbrella. Then the front door slammed.

Rosalie turned to the fire, gazing very gravely at the dancing flames. . . .

She had not the slightest doubt as to with whom Hugh had his appointment. He had gone to Lucy, to get her aid in the settling of his trouble, gone to her because things at home were intolerable. Hers were not suspicious.

They were certainties.

Her thoughts did not accuse Hugh of an intrigue. Hugh was unreasonable; Hugh was unjust; Hugh, she believed, loved her no longer. But it was not to be imagined that Hugh was untrue to her. It was enough, however, that she should have driven him from her, to seek help and consolation from someone else. She had failed indeed! . . .

Rosalie dressed for dinner that night as usual. Hugh's place at table was laid for him. If he returned he should find everything arranged for his comfort. But he did not return for dinner. An hour later Rosalie went to her room.

About ten o'clock Hugh came back. She heard him open the drawing-room door and find darkness, shut it again. She heard him move somewhat heavily about his study. Then silence—silence so profound that the whole world seemed lifeless.

Wide-eyed, dry-eyed, she lay till the pale dawn made the objects of the room visible. She rose and drew the curtains apart. Northbury Park was still asleep in the grey light. The very lamp-posts seemed to give her a stiff and frigid greeting as becoming one with a conscience that forbade sleep.

In the morning Hugh had again to go out. This time, he announced, he had to go to the City, and would not be back for lunch. His absence was unenviably a relief. It was easier now to rub along when they were apart.

In the afternoon a pale-faced Rosalie set off for Wynne's studio. She regretted now that she had promised to go. It was not worth while. Nothing was doing while—not even the going away of Alan Wynne. It was just as well he was going away. When he was gone Hugh could not be angry with her for seeing him. She was utterly listless. Her calm was ominous. It presaged either the storm which would release a spirit or break a heart.

When she herself noticed that the fingers that rested on the door bell of Wynne's home were trembling so that she could scarcely tighten them she marvelled and was perturbed. At the sound of the bell a great fear assailed her.

A premonition of an imminent crisis tempted her to take flight. . . . The door was opened by Alan Wynne.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

## SEE IF THE CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED.

Mother, Don't Hesitate! If your Child is  
Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give  
"California Syrup of Figs."

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.



When peevish, cross, listless, pale, unable to sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally; or if it is feverish, with a disordered stomach and faint breath, or has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, or the "stiffness" caused by a cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the taut, constipated waste-matter, undigested food and sour bile gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle.

## THE OFFICIAL NURSE-CLOTH OVERALL

for  
**WOMEN  
Workers**

In Stout  
Washable  
Material.  
FAST COLOURS.

**3s. 11d.**

Each. Postage 4d. extra  
Or 3 **11/6** POST  
FREE.

The material used for these Overalls is also obtainable by the yard at 8/6 per yard, 36in. wide. COLOURS:—Light and Dark Butcher Blue, and Light and Dark Green. Patterns post free on request.

**TO DARKEN  
WINDOWS.**  
Write for patterns for our UNFADING CASEMENT FABRICS, from 6/6 per yard.



Lengths: 50in., 52in., 54in.

**MARSHALL  
ROBERTS, LTD.**

197-209, HIGH STREET,  
CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON.

OPEN EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL 9.30 P.M.

Everything ready-to-wear for Ladies and Children. You can get by bus from anywhere to the Marshall Roberts Store. Any of the following numbers will drop you at the door—3, 24, 27, 28, 29a, 58, 74.



Sir Frederick Milner addressing the wounded at a Manchester hospital. He visited the institution on behalf of the King and Queen to deliver a message of sympathy.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)





Sir Frederick Treves.

mine that his suggestions for the kitchens were most practical and original. But then, isn't genius the capacity for taking infinite pains?

#### Good at Figures.

Mr. McKenna, whose name is "familiar in our mouths" as a household word, was a honours man in mathematics when a Cambridge student. At the Exchequer he is therefore in his element. Still I hope, for the sake of us poor common folk, he will not be indulging us to the full degree of taxation until our income is a minus quantity or evolving some trigonometrical formula touching us otherwise than at a tangent.

#### Reason for Appointments.

When he was made First Lord of the Admiralty one authoritative person said the appointment was due to Mr. McKenna's rowing prowess—he was a Cambridge Blue of the Jubilee year, besides being in the winning crews of the Grand and Stewards' Cups. Then he went to the Home Office, and the same person said a newly-married man would be able to outwit the "suffies." Still, he makes a good Chancellor.

#### At His Heels.

I can hardly imagine Mr. Walter Long being perturbed by the crowd which is constantly snapping at his heels in connection with the tribunals just now. You know his Department, the Local Government Board, initiated the members of the tribunals into their work. When he was Minister of Agriculture the dog muzzling order came into force, and for months nothing was heard but barks and growls.

#### The Other Arthur Balfour.

No, Mr. Arthur Balfour does not combine the business of engineer with that of First Lord of the Admiralty and the art of logic, as some people thought yesterday when they saw his name on the big trade-after-the-war steel committee. It is another Mr. Arthur Balfour, and a man as remarkable in his way as the gentle, polished politician.

#### "Pusher and Goer."

Arthur Balfour II. is Sheffield in tabloid. Little known outside that smoky city and his office in East India-avenue, he is a born business ruler. Some months ago, when Mr. Lloyd George was looking for his munition man of "push and go," I lunched with some mighty manufacturers from Sheffield. "There is only one man in the country for the job," they said, "and that is Arthur Balfour." This, from keen competitors, was honour in one's own country, if you like.

#### Cadorna's Retort.

Quite recently General Cadorna, our guest of the hour, noticed a non-commissioned officer decorated with four medals for bravery and asked why he had not been recommended for a commission. "Because he can neither read nor write," was the reply. "But we don't want him to read or write," answered the Italian Commander-in-Chief, "we want him to take trenches."

#### Needless.

An Australian colonel, who has just returned to the front, spent part of his furlough at an East Coast hotel, and was annoyed to find one morning that he could get no answer to his bell. Later a housemaid appeared and explained that all the staff had been warned to take refuge in the cellar as raiders were coming. "And why was I not warned?" he asked. "Well, sir, you do not come under the Employers' Liability Act."

#### Pagan Fashions.

I was telling some French friends of mine about the poster of the Economy Committee condemning expenditure on new dresses as "bad form." "Oh," they said, "that's nothing! Smart Parisiennes are indignant because the Archbishop has condemned the present fashions as scandalously Pagan."

## TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

### Sir Frederick

I hear that Sir Frederick Treves is taking the greatest interest in the new hospital for disabled soldiers and sailors which is being built on the site of the Star and Garter at Richmond. The great surgeon is superintending everything, and Miss Whitty was telling a friend of mine that his suggestions for the kitchens were most practical and original. But then, isn't genius the capacity for taking infinite pains?

### The Hugheses.

"Now, which Mr. Hughes is this?" said the man in the train when he read that the City had decided to give one of them the freedom. "There's W. M. Hughes, the Australian Premier, the great 'Sam' who runs Canada's War Office, and one or two other Hugheses that come from dominions overseas; they are here in the limelight together—it's most confusing."

### Quite Pacific.

Mr. Hughes is credited with the remark that he does not object to Germany having pacific relations with us in the future, but he objects to her having any Pacific possessions.

### Paper Shortage.

At several train termini I have been stopped by boys asking, not "Have you a cigarette card?" but "Have you done with your newspaper, sir?"

### For the Period of Hostilities.

I notice a recruiting poster requires "seamen for the period of hostilities." Precisely, for it is probably the seamen who will put a period to hostilities.

### To Spot a Periscope.

Sir Percy Scott was telling a friend of mine that to spot a periscope is no easy matter, and requires a highly-trained eye. You see, the periscope is only the thickness of a clenched fist and is painted to harmonise with the waters. Sir Percy reckoned that it took six months to train a seaman to this job.

### Mr. Ben Webster.

That fine actor Mr. Ben Webster has, I hear, been doing some more work for the "pictures." His first effort—and a most successful one it was—in "The House of Temperley." Mr. Webster is perhaps the youngest and best-looking man for his age (he is fifty-two this year) that I have met.

### "Pictures" and the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. Webster was telling me that when acting for the "pictures," while one speaks a part of course, one does not necessarily follow the "book." But he remembered a moving incident in which a doctor and a death scene in a hospital figured, which was greeted by loud laughter from a deaf and dumb man. He had "lip read" what the doctor had actually said: "We will have him for breakfast to-morrow!"

### Poetry Recital.

This is one of the latest portraits of Miss Madge Titheradge, who is one of our most accomplished reciters, as well as a most accomplished actress. She will be assisting Mr.



Miss Madge Titheradge.

Alan Wade in selling autographed copies of authors' books on April II at the Poetical afternoon which Miss Elizabeth Asquith is arranging for the Star and Garter Fund.

### A Great Mystery.

I have no doubt about the success of "The Barton Mystery" at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. H. B. Irving has spotted another winner in this dream-murder-mystery-character-farical drama. His own performance is superb.

### Two Gifts.

The remarkable quality of Mr. Irving's performances whenever he appears on the stage throws into somewhat bold relief the generally uninspired level of acting at the present time. But, then, Mr. Irving has genius, and he has also a tradition.

### Combed Out.

Four weeks ago I mentioned that Civil Service heads of departments had received instructions to begin combing out. I am told that by the end of the month at least one-third of the single men will be serving and by the end of April a second third.

### An Armlet.

Looking in at the Oxford the other evening, I saw that clever and versatile piano entertainer, Mr. Cooper Mitchell, who has undoubtedly taken the place of poor lamented Barclay Gammon. Was it accident or design that during some very caustic sallies on the attested married men question an armlet surreptitiously fell from the region of Mr. Mitchell's coat-tail pocket?

### Another Daughter.

Viscount Esher was the recipient of an important telegram yesterday morning, which came from his seat, The Roman Camp, Calander, to announce the arrival of another grandchild. The interesting baby makes a happy little trio in the family of "Miss Zena Dare," whose husband, the Hon. Maurice Brett, is a provost-marshal in Paris. Angela and Tony, who are delighted with the snow in Scotland, and have become expert tobogganists, are quite pleased with the new arrival, and so is their aunt, Miss Phyllis Dare.

### A Great Film.

I was recruited at Drury Lane yesterday afternoon, when I looked in to see the famous film, "The Birth of a Nation," by pretty usher girls in hooped-brocade skirts of the period 1860-65. Each made me a curtsy, and I felt I was ruffing it like an old-time gallant. The film is the best I've ever seen. It revived all I've ever read of American history, and made it real. It affected an American woman sitting next to me deeply, for she sobbed audibly during several scenes.

### A Memory.

Thirty-nine years ago Miss Mary Rorke was playing with John Hare, now Sir John, in the famous old play, "Old Men and New Acres," and Miss Ellen Terry was one of the company. To-day she is again playing with Sir John, this time on the film in "Caste." She tells me it was a great pleasure both to play with her old chief and to act for the cinema, which is a new and stimulating experience, she says.

### Next Week's Surprise.

I hear that, although no official announcement is likely to be made before next Wednesday, the new recruiting scheme is practically fixed up. The age limit will be extended to fifty, and it is thought that a large number of recruits will come in from the Volunteer Force. General conscription for the married has not been decided upon yet, although great pressure is being used.

### Armenian Coffee.

Yesterday afternoon I found a little Armenian café in a dingy street off Holborn. The people who own it are Armenians, and most of the customers come from the same part of the world. The language is quaint, but the coffee is good.

### The Duke at the "Old Vic."

The Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road—which is still known as the "Old Vic"—is a very different kind of thing from what it was a generation ago. I notice that the Duke of Rutland is going to preside at a lecture there by Mr. Andrew Buchanan on Tuesday. Mr. Buchanan's subject is "The Great War and the British Empire," and the Mayors of Lambeth and Southwark will also be in attendance. There was a time when dukes and mayors would have been unfamiliar figures at the "Old Vic."

### Changing the Game.

Some youngsters were playing at soldiers in the back garden, where they had made a trench. One of them, feeling hungry, went home for a few minutes, soon after coming back with a huge slice of cake. "Oh, Ralph," said one of the others, "let's play we're all starving and you're the only one that's got something to eat."

### Crocus Gold.

The crocuses that grow in the grass at St. James' Park are attracting the attention of many prominent folk just now, because of the scarcity of other park bulbs, I suppose. Anyhow, I saw Lord French meditating over them the other day, and yesterday I caught Mr. H. M. Hyndman gazing on them lovingly. And really they are very lovely.

THE RAMBLER.

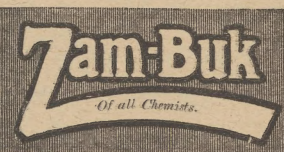
## ECZEMA ALL OVER FACE.

Mrs. Davidson, of 8, Liston Street, Plaistow, E., writes:—

"For some months my daughter, Violet, aged 15, suffered from weeping eczema on her face, which was covered with little pimples, particularly round the chin and forehead.

"Various remedies and Doctor's medicine proved of no avail. We were nearly in despair, when we decided to try Zam-Buk. Soon after the first application of Zam-Buk, Violet realised that it was doing good. Not only was the intense irritation relieved, but Zam-Buk drew out the matter, cleansed the places, and healed the raw surface with healthy skin in a most gratifying way. In a short time Violet was

**COMPLETELY CURED  
BY**



**HOW TO INCREASE STRENGTH AND NERVE POWER.**

**Get Plenty of Fresh Air, Breathe Deeply and Take a Little Sargol.**

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force, and feel discouraged, don't dose your stomach with worthless tonics nor harbour the idea that help for you is impossible. If you have drawn heavily on your bank account of "Strength" weakness is but a natural result. However, if you reverse the order of things and obtain more strength from your food than what you use in performing your daily toil or pleasures, you will be as strong, happy and vigorous as ever. To do this spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and take a little Sargol with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return. It does not matter how you have lost your strength, whether the cause be from illness, late hours, smoking, drinking, over-eating, or from over-indulgence of any kind, Sargol will enable you to get every atom of strength and nerve power from the food you eat.

In fact, one small tablet with your three meals a day will give you more strength and vitality than twelve meals would give you without it. Sargol costs little, is pleasant to take, and is highly recommended by the medical profession. Anyone suffering with "nerves" or from weakness of any kind should give this treatment a trial. You will find it is just what you need.—(Adv.)

**AVOID ST. VITUS' DANCE.**

Physicians are often baffled by St. Vitus' dance because it is a nervous disease in which they can find nothing actually wrong with the nervous system.

Long before the child becomes awkward and begins dropping things there is a period during which the appetite is fickle and the patient is tired and listless. The jerking movements peculiar to the disease come much later.

In the early stages a good tonic for the blood and nerves will go far towards preventing the development of the disease. But the tonic must be free from alcohol and opiates, for these make the nervous condition worse. When your child appears listless, prefers to sit and read rather than go out and play, and takes too long over his or her lessons, give a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills. They cannot do harm; the system is sure to be benefited, and you may avoid serious trouble with nervous ailments.

These pills build up the blood, nourish the starved nerves, and improve the general health. Try them without delay; any dealer can supply them if you ask for Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people.

FREE.—Send your address on a postcard to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, asking for a free copy of "The Nerves and Their Needs."—(Adv.)



## FLAT RACING TO-DAY.

## War "National" and First Jockey Club Events at Gatwick.

Racing under Jockey Club rules begins at Gatwick this afternoon, but the events on the flat will be completely overshadowed by the Racecourse Association Steeplechase—which takes the place of the abandoned Grand National.

No pains have been spared to make the race a worthy substitute for the big Liverpool Steeplechase. The course has been entirely remodelled, the jumps have been built up almost identical with the formidable obstacles at Aintree, and as the "going" is certain to be very heavy it will be a test that not even the Liverpool course could surpass in severity. The following are the probable starters and jockeys:—

Converden, 12-7 ..... Dainty  
Irish Mail, 12-5 ..... Hawkins  
Jacobus, 12-0 ..... Newry  
Ally Sloop, 11-13 ..... Mr. Anthony  
Lord Marcus, 11-13 ..... Parfume  
Eugenist, 11-10 ..... Smyth  
Vermouth, 11-10 ..... Reardon  
Lamentable, 11-1 ..... Mr. Harrison  
Hacker's Bay, 11-0 ..... Mr. Harrison

The Hon. A. Hastings hopes that Ally Sloop will repeat his victory of last year at Liverpool in the colours of Lady Nelson, and greatest danger is apprehended from Lord Marcus. Of the pair I have most liking for Ally Sloop, and for a place nothing looks better than Thowl Pin. Complete selections are appended:—

0.—MEDIATOR ..... 3.15.—ALLY SLOPER;  
1.50.—STRONG BOY ..... Thowl Pin, place.  
2. 0.—SAMPHIRE F. ..... 4. 0.—STAPLETON.

**DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.**  
STRONG BOY AND STAPLETON.  
BOUVERIE.

## GATWICK PROGRAMME.

## 1.0.—CRAWLEY SELLING PLATE, 100 sovs; 5f.

Duke of Tipperary	9 2	Farinore	3 8 2	yr at lb
Highwayman	9 2	Bachelor of Arts	3 8 2	
Redcross	9 2	Spurhead	3 8 2	
Mediator	9 2	Turbine	3 8 2	
Kearls	9 2	Blueground	3 8 2	
The Angel Man	8 13	The Grey Flax	3 7 13	
Scotch Duke	8 13	Opinion	3 7 13	
East	8 13	Scop	3 7 13	
Fearless Max	8 13	Billetier	3 7 13	
		New	4 7 13	

## 1.50.—GATWICK H'CAP (Class 2), 200 sovs; 11m.

Pill Up	5 9 0	Jaruga	3 8 0
Sardolo	5 9 0	Dublin Bay	3 8 0
Fortyfoot	6 12	Search	4 8 6
Herode Agrippa	6 10	Strong Boy	4 8 5
Prin	6 10	Gotham	4 8 5
Bunch o' Keys	4 10	Nihilist	5 8 3
Wellaine	4 8 9	Narris	4 8 3
Toadstone	4 8 9	Regal	4 7 13

## 2.0.—REIGATE MAIDEN PLATE, 200 sovs; 11m.

Castral	4 9 7	Merrick	3 8 0
Polly's Jack	4 9 7	Jaruga	3 8 0
Sealy	4 9 4	Tom Berney	3 8 0
Reschda	4 9 4	Old Tom	3 8 0
Polymetra	4 9 4	Ben Lodi	3 8 0
Trips Blue	3 8 0	Gotham	3 8 0
Tweella	3 8 0	William Orme	3 8 0
Gilbert the Filbert	3 8 0	Crow Hill	3 8 0
Wignore	3 8 0	Musical Hoosier	3 7 11
Marton	3 8 0	Werraona	3 7 11
Blue Heart	3 8 0	Cargana	3 7 11
Regina Star	3 8 0	Land of the Leal	3 7 11
Ampleforth	3 8 0	M'dame	3 7 11
Maylene	3 8 0	Sampson	3 7 11
Aberdare	3 8 0	Zolriaka	3 7 11
Thana Hastings	3 8 0	Louette	3 7 11
Gratborough	3 8 0	Cockroper	3 7 11

## NEWS ITEMS.

## Ambulance Cars at Buckingham Palace.

About 140 cars of the Ambulance Column attached to the London District were inspected at Buckingham Palace by the King yesterday.

## Dutch Sailors Refuse to Sail.

The Dutch Sailors' Union have passed a resolution at Rotterdam, by 83 votes to 3, says Reuter, not to sail in view of the German submarine menace.

## An Expensive Half-Hour.

Ernest Luker failed to report himself as a conscript at the time notified, was arrested half an hour later, and yesterday was fine £2 at Croydon Police Court as an absentee.

## Fire Cause £4,000,000 Damage.

A fire in New York caused between £1,000,000 and £1,600,000 damage, says Reuter; one in Nashville (Tennessee) £1,100,000 damage, and one in Paris (Texas) £1,600,000 damage.

## KILLED BY HIS OWN TAXICAB.

The story of a taxicab driver who was killed by his own cab was told at the inquest at Westminster yesterday on Samuel McNeill, forty of St. Mark's-road, North Kensington, a verdict of accidental death being returned.

He was found lying on the footpath in York-road, and told a constable that the cab was "in speed" when he went to crank it up, and it knocked him down. Someone must have put the gear on while he was having a drink.

## 2.30.—PARK T.Y.O. PLATE, 200 sovs; 5f.

Clarlaw	8 10	Mixene	8 7 7
Dr. Syn	8 10	Eleantadora	8 7 7
Paradise	8 10	Killarney Jolly	8 7 7
Hayrained	8 10	Prime Value	8 7 7
McLean	8 10	Yers Mable	8 7 7
Dark Lanes	8 10	Queen Kitty	8 7 7
Rea Zeb	8 10	Katscha f	8 7 7
White Cliff	8 10	Pitch and Toss	8 7 7
Carles	8 10	La Roca	8 7 7
Queen's Lancer	8 10	Vulpine	8 7 7
Chokes	8 10	Half a Chance	8 7 7
Cheset	8 10	Waltz	8 7 7
Greenesman	8 10	Corat Striped	8 7 7
Francis Armand	8 10	Queen f	8 7 7
Soldado	8 10	Apascha	8 7 7
Portinger	8 10	Via f	8 7 7
Xavia	8 10	Oris	8 7 7
Tom Fool	8 10	Fleetwood	8 7 7
Dadi	8 10	Dalkeith	8 7 7
Dras	8 10	Half Hoop	8 7 7
Sampire c	8 10	Tenacity	8 7 7
St. Vagla c	8 10	St. Blair g	8 7 7
Betsy Jane c	8 10	Quali	8 7 7
Jessica c	8 10	Lady Ruddy	8 7 7
Reo c	8 10	Irish Comings f	8 7 7

## 3.15.—RACECOURSE ASSOCIATION STEEPLCHASE (H'cap), 500 sovs, and a Cup, value 125 sovs; 85yds.

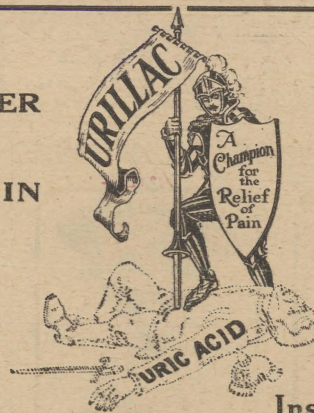
(For probable starters and jockeys see Bouverie's Notes.)

## 4.0.—REDHILL HURDLE RACE, 200 sovs; 2m.

Santa Bella	5 12 0	White Prophet	5 11 3
Early Hope	5 11 7	Stapleton	5 11 3
Blue Stone	6 11 7	Water Bag	4 10 7
Delmatian	5 11 7	Douglas Gordon	4 10 7
Strong Boy	4 11 5	Taxi Girl	4 10 7
The Ant	5 11 3	Regal	4 10 7
Killanna	5 11 3	Stainton	4 10 7
Sir Arigal	5 11 3	Germiston	4 10 7

Nat Brooks defeated Fred Jacks on points in a fifteen rounds contest at the Ring yesterday afternoon, and Sergeant Jack Irving outpointed Albert Burns.

CHEAPER  
than  
ASPIRIN



BETTER  
than  
ASPIRIN

URILLAC  
Brings  
Instant Relief

RHEUMATISM is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken. But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric acid must be treated **through the blood**. The uric acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

"Urillac" is the only certain means for immediate relief of pain and permanent cure. It is the discovery of a prominent West-End Physician—now in actual practice—who would gladly associate his name with this wonder-working Remedy did medical etiquette allow him to do so.

Certain Cure for—

RHEUMATISM  
GOUT  
LUMBAGO  
SCIATICA  
NEURALGIA  
HEADACHE  
NEURITIS  
GRAVEL  
and all uric acid ailments and pains.

"Urillac" effects a certain cure where everything else has failed.

It is taken up by the blood by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and completely dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease.

"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parke's Drug Stores, at 13 and 3, or post free from THE URILLAC COMPANY, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

**FREE SAMPLE** Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.

# Nutrition is more valuable than drugs

STIMULANTS and drugs are at best of but temporary value. What is needed in all cases of weakness is increased nutrition to build up permanent strength and vitality. For this purpose

CHYMOL is delightfully palatable. Adults and children take it plain, or spread on biscuit, bread, or toast, just before or with meals; or may be mixed with milk, wine, gruel, milk-pudding, etc.



Ask your  
Chemist—he knows.  
1/- and 2/6 sizes.

CHYMOL is of exceptional value. It contains extraordinary and easily digested and assimilated nutrition. When added to other foods, it also enormously increases their nutritive value.

If suffering from exhaustion, neuralgia, anæmia, or dyspepsia; if run-down through worry and anxiety over the war, Chymol will give you a quick and lasting lift-up. Try it for twenty days and you will prove this for yourself.

Particulars from THE CHYMOL COMPANY, Ltd., Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

**Chymol**  
The Food that Builds

THIS COUPON IS WORTH 6d.  
ONLY UNTIL APRIL 28th.

TO THE PUBLIC: With this Coupon you can obtain from your dealer 1/- package of Chymol for 6d. or a 2/6 package for 2/-. Simply fill in your name and address and your dealer will accept it. This can be used towards the cost of your first package of Chymol only.

Name

Address

Mr 5.

TO THE DEALER: THE CHYMOL COMPANY, LTD., Atlantic House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will redeem this Coupon from you for 6d. cash when sent with signature and address of the customer who brought Chymol. Put your printed label on back of Coupon. Dealers claiming credit must be able to prove the purchase of Chymol not less than the value of the Coupons returned.

## Advice to Citizens (and their Families).

BE sure and brush CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH into the soles of your boots to keep out the wet.

Mansion Polish is just as splendid for Furniture, Floors, and Linoleum as Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is for Boots and Shoes. Both Polishes are sold by all Dealers in 1lb., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 1/- Tins. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

Continued from page 8.

ALHAMBRA. Revue. 5064 GERRARD.  
ANNA DOROTHY, CLYDE COOK, GEORGE FRENCH,  
MANNY and ROBERTS and ODETTE MYRTIL.  
Debut 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. 2.15.  
HIPPODROME. London. Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m.  
New Revue. JOYLAND. SHIRLEY KILLICK.  
HARRY TATE, VETTA RIANZA, HEITMAN WALLIS,  
CHARLES BRERLEY, and Super Heavy Chorus.  
PALACE. "BRIC-A-RAC" (at 8.35), with GERTIE  
MILLAR, ARTHUR BARNAC, GWENDOLINE BROWN,  
BEN NELSON, KEYS, TROUD, GERRARD, A. SIMON,  
GIRARD, GINA PALERME. Varieties at 8. MAT.  
WED. and SAT. at 2.  
PALLADIUM. 2.30, 6.15 and 8. LITTLE TICH, JACK  
PLEASANTS, LAURA GERRIE, JOE ELYN, A. D. CO.,  
BERTLAIN BAKER, ACKROYD MELITA THIO, and  
JAMES WELCH and CO. in "The Man in the Street."

MASKELINE'S MYSTERIES St. George's Hall, At 3 and  
8. 43rd Consecutive Year in London. A delightful pro-  
gramme of startling novelties. 1s. to 5s. Children half  
price. (Phone 1545 Mayfair).

## PERSONAL.

"SAFE." All's well.  
Z.—Arriving Rm. Cross, Saturday, 25th, 8.15 p.m. Meet  
Urain.—T. H.  
E1 REWARD.—Lost, stolen or strayed from 2, Smith-  
westminster, a grey Persian male cat. The above reward  
will be paid to the finder. (Uniforms bought.)  
OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects: largest second-hand  
stock in the world; always reasonable.—Goldman's Uni-  
formists, Devonport. (Uniforms bought.)  
HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity;  
ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st. W.



"The Hardest Lot of All": By Mr. Bottomley, in "Sunday Pictorial"

THE One Sure Way to Victory: By Austin Harrison, in the "Sunday Pictorial."

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

PAGES of Wonderful War Photographs in the "Sunday Pictorial." : : :

## NEUVE CHAPELLE V.C. WEDS.



Corporal Wilfred D. Fuller, V.C. (Grenadier Guards), and his bride (Miss Eleanor May Wheeler). Fuller, who also holds a Russian medal, won the V.C. at Neuve Chapelle, when he captured fifty Germans. He is only twenty-two.

## AN EXHILARATING EXPERIENCE.



The first Japanese woman to make a flight in an aeroplane, just before going up.

## BERLIN'S EFFORT TO COMPETE WITH PARIS.



Fashion classes are being held in Germany now. But war or no war, frau and fraulein still prefer the tasteful Paris modes, which they find impossible to imitate.

## A BRITISH AEROPLANE SQUADRON AT THE FRONT.



This photograph is of particular interest at the moment in view of the discussion in Parliament.

## FUNERAL OF THE POET QUEEN: THE PASSING OF THE CORTEGE THROUGH BUKAREST.



Carmen Sylva, the Dowager Queen of Rumania, passed to her last resting place between dense crowds of her sorrowing subjects. The small photograph in the centre shows her

as a young woman with her late husband, King Charles, "the Creator of Rumania," who died in October, 1914.